



R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1850.

Thoughts upon Punishment for Crime.
By crime is meant the committing of some wrong upon others; although in the common acceptance of the term, at the present day, it is applied only to wrongs of a higher grade, such as murder, robbery and theft. The technical nicey of the law gives terms, or names, very precisely expressing the shades of difference, and so closely does it sometimes discriminate between these shades of distinction, that *common sense* cannot see any difference except in the name.

We find in the earliest records of society that man was very prone to commit some wrong upon his fellows, and that for these wrongs, the individual so doing, was subject to some sort of punishment. In the natural world any thing wrong, that is, any thing that takes place contrary to the fixed laws of nature is succeeded by a corresponding derangement or action of nature. This is inevitable, for every effect must be preceded by a cause, and when there is a derangement of the law—a deranged condition of things proceeding therefrom must be the consequence, and this last is construed as punishment for the former. In the arrangements of social relations, mankind have endeavored to establish an analogous state of things. In the multiplication of laws, however, it seems as if the legitimate objects of punishment were forgotten, and those of a different character pursued. What are the legitimate or true objects of punishment? First, the safety and protection of society from the wrongs which any one is disposed to commit; and second, the reformation of those who have been guilty of crime.

It does seem, however, that, notwithstanding all the exertions of individuals of philanthropy and benevolence, the main objects of our penal laws are based more on the principles of retaliatory vengeance—revenge—than on the two former, which we have named. For instance: A man breaks into your stable and steals your horse. You thereby suffer a loss: a wrong has been done you. The thief is taken, proved guilty, and sentenced to hard labor a year in the State Prison. During this year, society, to be sure, is safe from any depredations he may do. But are all the measures pursued with him, such as are best calculated to reform him? He is probably ignorant. Are any means taken to instruct him? He has probably been told that his character is ruined, and no moral man will ever associate with him again. Are any means taken to convince him that he can create and build up for himself a new and better character? His time of service expired—are there any definite and tangible means adopted to put him in the way of enabling him to do better? Some good advice from the Chaplain and Warden he probably receives, and he is then turned out into the world, destitute, and with the mark of Cain upon him. His propensities for evil may be strong—his resolutions to do well are weak;—who is there to walk with him and help him combat the strongest evils of his nature, and help him nourish and strengthen the weaker? Where, in society, does the institution for doing this exist and stand out as conspicuously as does the institution for punishment? The last makes a broad figure. The strong arm of the State has built its walls and its dungeons. The coffers of the State supply it with means and appliances for punishment. Has that same arm built establishments for taking those moral invalids—if they may be so called—after they have been discharged from the legal purgatory of a State Prison, and putting them into a course of wholesome training?—for enabling them to begin life with new hopes and new encouragements,—telling them and helping them to stand up like men, who may be and can be now, and are regenerated! No. Are they not rather virtually turned out of this purgatory, with all the damning smoke and stain of its lurid fire upon them, so visible and palpable as to lead others to abhor rather than love and befriend them? We have more to say upon this in our next.

Singular Case of Death from taking Wild Cherry Tree Bark.

We have the facts of the following case from Dr. N. H. Carey, of Wayne, in this country, who was called to the patient, but too late to save her. In March, last, Mrs. Gerry House, of Wayne, aged about thirty, having been unwell some two or three weeks, prepared a strong decoction of the bark of the wild black cherry tree, (*Prunus Virginiana*), to which she added a few spoonfuls of gin and drank about half a pint of it. She immediately became sick and convulsed, and died in three hours. When Dr. Carey arrived she was nearly dead—the pupils of her eyes were dilated to the utmost extent, her face exhibited singular distortions, and her breath emitted a strong odor of prussic acid.

It was this acid, which is contained in this species of the cherry, that caused death. We have seen calves poisoned by eating freely of the leaves.

In moderate doses this bark is an excellent tonic, but in large, concentrated doses, it is a dangerous article.

AMERICAN FARMER. We have received a new agricultural journal, published in the German language, at Harrisburg, Pa., by J. M. Beck. It is a monthly, and is designed to supply the German population of the United States with an agricultural work in their own language. It is a neat looking work, but not being familiar with the German language, we cannot pronounce upon the style and matter. We presume Von J. M. Beck would not issue anything, that was not good in any language.

PUBLIC MEETING IN BATH. The meeting in Bath, which was to consider the question of lending the credit of that city in aid of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, commenced on Saturday morning at nine o'clock, and continued through the forenoon, and by adjournment into the afternoon. The Portland Advertiser states that "There was a large attendance and much debate. The vote was finally taken, and stood, YEAS, (in favor of petitioning the Legislature for power to loan the city credit,) 324: NAYS, 211." The amount of the credit is not to exceed two hundred thousand dollars.

ACCIDENT. Benjamin Whitemore, of Bowdoinham, mate of the steamer T. F. Secor, was very much injured on Tuesday morning last.—While in the wheel-house, a lot of logs came against the wheel, and, turning it unexpectedly, caught him and jammed and bruised him severely.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Bray's Wooden Ware Factory.
We took a trip the other day to Turner village, in company with our friend, Capt. Gage, of this city, the apostle of the flax culture in Maine. While there, we found where they make the churns, and we spent the few moments we had to spare, in examining the extensive manufacture and fixing for doing the business. William B. Bray, Esq., of Turner village, some years since, commenced a nail factory at that place, on a small scale, which has now, by his industry, ingenuity and attention to business, become, as far as we are informed, one of the most extensive wooden ware factories in the State. The business has continued to grow under his hands, until he found it necessary to erect a large and spacious four story building, to accommodate his machinery, and storage rooms.

Pails, firkins, tubs, churns, and such like articles are turned out here with great facility, and with an excellent finish. Nearly the whole work is done by machinery, driven by water power, and as there is a complete and systematic division of labor, every part of the articles is constructed economically, and with the utmost precision, so that they all come together accurately, and have, when finished, a uniformity of size, form and quality.

Mr. Bray manufactures that excellent churn, Dr. Kendall's churn, that has so extensively taken the place of the old up and down dash churn, which used to break the backs of so many dairy maids, in our grandmothers' days. Of this article alone, he turns out about three thousand a year, all of which meet with a ready sale. This year is made good stuff, well put together. In addition to this business, Mr. B. has on the same dam an oil mill. He uses the fast seed raised in the neighborhood. At present this business is but moderate. The farmers of Maine have, for various reasons, not cultivated so much flax as they formerly did, and of course the supply of seed has fallen off. We hope it will come up again. We want to see it flourish once more, and flourish too, to such a degree that brandy can be not only supplied with as much seed for crushing as he wants, but that we shall be able to export it to Holland and Ireland, to supply their factories to as great an extent, and as profitably as cotton is sent to England at the present day. Why not?

More Cheating in Clover Seed.

We have ones or twice cautioned people against the frauds going on in the clover seed business. At first, as soon as it was found that clover seed was scarce, and of course high in price, certain unprincipled men obtained quantities of southern clover seed at about 6 or 7 cents per pound, brought it into this State, and palmed it off on the unsuspecting for northern seed, at from 15 to 17 cents per pound. More recently, finding that this trick was discovered, some have taken this southern seed, carried it to the northern part of the State, *mixed it with northern seed*, and sent it back as *genuine northern seed*. Now this is a worse hoax than the first, for it destroys the uniformity of the crop—the southern clover ripening before the northern. If any one wishes to sow southern seed, the honest way would be to let him have it as southern seed, and at a fair price. He would then know what he had got and upon what he could depend. It makes very good fodder, but must be cut earlier than most of the grasses cultivated in this latitude. It is often cut twice in the year, but can be depended upon but one year only. Hence it is an outrageous fraud to mix the seed and sell it as genuine northern clover.

Steamer T. F. Secor.

The steamer T. F. Secor, Capt. Brackett, commenced her trip between Augusta and Bath on Friday last, connecting with the Kennebec and Portland Railroad. She takes the place of the Lawrence.

The T. F. Secor is a fine boat, and is just the thing to accommodate the river travel. Such a boat is needed, and, without doubt, will be well sustained.

The present arrangement affords opportunity, for a most pleasant excursion. The land and water scenery on the Kennebec is not exceeded anywhere. You may take the steamer T. F. Secor, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and have a fine trip down the river to Bath, where you may tarry more than two hours, and return by the boat, the same day, arriving at Augusta, about seven, P. M. Or you may go over the railroad to Brunswick or North Yarmouth, and return by the cars in season to come up the river by the boat. You will find the T. F. Secor in fine order—fast enough, we believe she beats every thing on the river, and her captain is a worthy fellow, and deservedly popular with the traveling community. Just try one of these excursions, some mild day, and if you don't find it pleasant and interesting, we will acknowledge our mistake.

RAILROAD GUIDES. These little manuals are very useful to travelers. Railways have become so numerous, that almost every person who travels from one State to another, goes by the cars, and a directory of this kind often gives him valuable information, in regard to times and distances.

We receive three of them monthly, viz: The New England Railroad Guide is published on the first and middle of every month, by Geo. M. Holbrook, 37 Court Square, Boston. The Pathfinder Railway Guide, for New England, published on the first Monday of every month, by Snow & Wilder, 5 Washington street, Boston. A. E. Newton, editor. The American Railway Guide, for the United States, was published on the 12th Fulton street, New York. This last, it will be seen, has a greater scope than the others, extending, as it does over the whole United States.

THE STEAMER OCEAN. On Monday night of last week, the steamer Ocean, on her passage to Boston, struck a rock off Cape Ann, which caused her to leak badly. When she reached Boston, report says the water was as high as the cabin floor. After discharging her cargo, she was taken to Chelsea, where it was found that her front foot was knocked off, and her garboard seam opened, and that it would be necessary to haul her upon a railway for repairs. She will be ready to resume her trip next week, if not sooner.

PREPARED GUANO. It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, that this article is for sale at the store of L. P. Mead & Co. in this city. It comes highly recommended. We have had no experience in its use, and cannot therefore say experimentally, anything in regard to its effects. Those who are disposed to give it a trial, had better call upon them.

"STUMPING ALL CREATION." It will be seen that what an Indian would call the "very loud speech" of the New Yorkers, in offering to trot their horse, State of Maine, with the whole world of horse flesh, has called out our neighbor Lewis of the Forks. We like to see our friends in good spirits, but as we have just got rid of the weather, we hope there will be no trotting on the ice until next winter.

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The Saco Affair.

We have received extract from the Offices of the Saco Union and Maine Democrat, containing full particulars of the examination of James H. Smith, on a charge of murder, before John M. Goodwin, Esq., Recorder of the Municipal Court. The examination commenced on Monday, April 22, and was concluded on Thursday last. About twenty witnesses were summoned. It appears that the name of the murdered female is not "Mary Bean," but Beranga Caswell, a native of Canada. The evidence does not appear to differ materially from the facts stated in our last, although some further testimony was elicited.

Mr. Convey, the servant girl in Dr. Smith's family, testified that a servant girl in the house of Mary Bean, but who remained with Beranga Caswell, came to the house in November, The Doctor said she died of typhoid fever; that articles of clothing of the deceased were given to witness by Mrs. Smith; that after the body was discovered in the Brook, Dr. Smith buried a trunk belonging to deceased. She has no knowledge as to what became of the body, but since the discovery, has been causticated by the Doctor as to her answers to any inquiries. The witness also recognized Long as the person who accompanied Miss Caswell to the house at the time she arrived.

Wm. A. Lewis was then called to the stand. He said that he became acquainted with the deceased in Manchester, where she was seduced by him. He went with her to Dr. Smith's where some time afterward he called, and was informed that she had died of typhoid fever. He saw the body, which he had no doubt was that of Miss Caswell. He had no knowledge as to what became of the body.

Mrs. Sarah Meers, a boarding house keeper in Biddeford, (adjoining Saco) testified that Beranga Caswell came to her house on Monday before Thanksgiving, and remained in the house of Dr. Smith ever since. She was ill, and was attended by Mr. Long, and never came back. One of her trunks was taken afterwards from the house by a man named Blake, and the other by Dr. Smith himself. When Dr. Smith came for the trunk, he appeared to be in a hurry, stating that Miss Caswell had been sick, and was going West in the morning. A trunk found in Dr. Smith's house, with J. H. Smith written upon it, was shown to another witness, a boarder with Mrs. Meers, and she was of opinion that it was one of Miss Caswell's trunks. The Convey testified that Dr. Smith's stove resembled the knobs of the other trunk. (Ann Convey testified that Dr. Smith burnt one of the trunks.)

The presiding magistrate, says the Saco Union, proceeding to give the conclusions to which he had come, stated that he had taken the minutes of the testimony to Judge Greene, and had, with him, carefully considered, and weighed the evidence, examined the legal points connected with the case, and was happy in saying that the conclusions to which he had come were also those to which the Judge had come. He said the defendant was charged with the high crime of murder, but that he was not here for the purpose of trial, but to ascertain if the evidence adduced furnished sufficient ground for the examining magistrate to believe him guilty of the crime alleged; and if so, his duty was plain: he was not to be governed by the strictness of rules of law as were the court above, but upon the weight of testimony preponderated against the accused, that it was the duty of the magistrate to commit.

There was no dispute in regard to the definition of murder, to those families with the law. In this case, the defendant was not the law, but it was the legal definition, for murder might be committed without any intention, and it might be with; as, where an apple was given to a woman with poison in it to poison the woman, and the woman gave the apple to the child, and the child was poisoned, it was held to be murder, though it was contrary to the intent of the giver of the apple to poison the child, although it was given to poison the woman. Again, the law makes it murder when a person kills another with a felonious intent, and it is not necessary that the killing be done with malice aforethought; as, when a person fires at a fowl and shot the owner, the law connects the felonious intent with its result, and pronounces the person guilty of murder; so with other cases. To constitute murder there must be an actor, and a subject, and the person must possess in his mind legal malice, expressed in an overt act. That act may be the killing, or the killing may be the result of that act. The magistrate after stating that it does not fall in the province of the magistrate to decide upon the degree of murder one is guilty of, but to ascertain the facts, and then to review the testimony. Said there was no controversy about the finding of the body. That was admitted. To ascertain whose body it was, it was necessary to recur to the defendant's statement, to Ann Convey, "that the body of Mary had been found, and to the corroborating testimony of Long, who had stated that a girl named Beranga Caswell, but went by the name of Mary Bean, died at Dr. Smith's," Dec. 22; and there were other corroborating evidences. These were referred to, and their bearing explained. The evidence is sufficient evidence in my judgment to show that the body was that of Mary Bean.

Admitted to be the body of Mary Bean, how did she come to her death? This was the main point in the inquiry. The position of the Government was, that it was in consequence of an abortion, and that position was fully sustained by the concurring testimony of our ablest physicians, whose testimony in the case was the highest authority, among which he regarded as of great weight. The testimony showing that the abortion was produced by the defendant was then commented on and its bearing explained. It was deducible from Long's testimony, and this was corroborated by others. He thought it was a reasonable cause to suppose that an abortion was produced by the defendant, and it was not done for the purpose of saving life, or in consequence of malformation, or any other purpose which the law would justify. It was therefore wilfully done.

He said his conclusions were strengthened by the fact that the defendant had made no effort to explain the testimony, but efforts had been made to stifle and cut off enquiry. These were all in case strong presumptive evidence of guilt. The character of these evidences were referred to, and the various statements of the prisoner to Mrs. Meers, and to others, that she died of Typhoid fever, when there were no indications of the kind, and other facts and statements of like nature.

Patent fly-trap. A patent was granted at Washington, the other day, to a man in Massachusetts, for a trap for catching flies.

New Ocean Steamer. A new screw-steamer from Glasgow for New York, called the City of Glasgow, was to sail on the 16th of April. On her trial trip she made ten and a quarter knots per hour.

Commerce of Boston. For the week ending April 20, there were reported domestic products to the amount of \$192,450.00: foreign, \$72,107. Same time last year, domestic, \$96,903. Total, \$309,353.

Silk Goods, &c. Nothing short of a thorough examination of Jewett & Prescott's rich goods at No. 2 Milk Street, Boston, will disclose their true value and superiority. Dress Silks of surpassing richness, Shawls of every form and design, Mantillas, Visites and numerous *cetars*, are offered at very low prices, wholesale and retail.

Railroad Accident. As the train was leaving Jersey City for Philadelphia, April 22, it ran over a cow. One of the passengers put his head out of the car to see the cause of the difficulty, when he came in contact with one of the telegraph posts, and was instantly killed.

Run stolen. A short time since four barrels of N. E. rum were stolen from India wharf, Boston. The New-England says, "The thief is to be pined."

Mammoth Steamer. The mammoth steamer.

More arrivals from Chagres. The steamship Philadelphia and Crescent City arrived at New York from Chagres, April 26. They sailed on the 15th, at which time no later news had been received from California, the mail steamer having arrived at Panama. Her deck is 317 feet long.

Stumping all creation. It will be seen that what an Indian would call the "very loud speech" of the New Yorkers, in offering to trot their horse, State of Maine, with the whole world of horse flesh, has called out our neighbor Lewis of the Forks. We like to see our friends in good spirits, but as we have just got rid of the weather, we hope there will be no trotting on the ice until next winter.

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Gathered News Fragments, &c.

Maple sugar. We learn that within four miles of Farmington village, the road to Industry, 2650 maple trees have been tapped the present season, for the purpose of making maple sugar.

Attempt to escape from Prison. The Bangor Mercury states that a bold attempt was made by several of the prisoners to escape from the jail at that place, on the night of April 22. The jailer having learned their intention, so far thwarted their plan, that only one of them escaped. Preparation had been made to knock the jailor down, when making his nightly round, and then escape.

Railroad accident. There were sixty-four lives lost on the various railroads in Massachusetts during the year 1849.

Ship building. Messrs. Stevens, of Pittston, have a large and beautifully modeled ship on the stocks in that place, nearly ready to be launched, which measures about 900 tons, and is the largest vessel ever built on the river above Bath. There are quite a large number of vessels building at the various ship-yards on the river.

Battle of Concord. Friday, April 19, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle of Concord, was celebrated in grand style by the citizens of Concord and the neighboring towns. Of those who participated in that battle only two are said to be now living.

Plank roads. According to the Journal of Commerce, there are now between two and three thousand miles of plank roads in operation in the State of New York.

Loss of a Statue. One of Powers' most beautiful works, the statue of Eve, was lost on the coast of Spain, in March last, in the Swedish ship Westernland, from Leghorn to New York. The lovers of art lament the loss of what many consider the best work of the sculptor.

Large microscope. Amos Lawrence, Esq., recently presented to the Lawrence Academy.

Montreal. The population of Montreal, according to the census recently taken, is 45,000.

Chagres. The Saco Union and Maine Democrat, reporting the arrival of the steamer Ohio at Chagres on April 24, from Havana and New Orleans, with 150 passengers and \$15,000 in gold. She brings no later news.

From Chagres and Havana.

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Awful Steamboat Disaster.
One hundred lives reported lost. A dispatch from Cincinnati, dated 22d, communicates the following melancholy particulars of a dreadful steamboat accident on the Ohio:

"The 'Belle of the West,' Captain James, was burned one mile below Warsaw, Ky., at 1 o'clock this morning. She was bound from this city to St. Louis, with California emigrants. It is confidently stated that one hundred passengers were burned and drowned by jumping overboard. The officers were all swimming ashore."

The "Belle" was owned in the city of St. Louis for \$8000. The scene was the most awful which was ever witnessed on the western waters."

FURTHER PARTICULARS. *Madison, Ia., April 23.* From an officer of steamer Wisconsin, an eye-witness of the burning of the Belle of the West, [mentioned above,] we gather the following particulars: About half an hour after midnight the steamer was set on fire in the hold, and immediately took water. We saw smoke and made fast. Up to this period the flames had not burst forth, and the after hatch was opened for the purpose of getting water into the hold, but such was the rapid headway of the flames that all efforts to check them proved wholly fruitless, and in a few minutes the entire boat was a mass of fire.

The total number of passengers on board was about 400—among whom were two California companies and thirty families who were returning to the West. From Roger's information, there were sixty-four persons, and the probability is that many more have lost whose names were not enrolled therein. Such was the rapid progress of the fire that before the passengers could get out of the state rooms, after the first alarm, all the communication between the after cabin and the forward part of the boat was cut off, and every one was either compelled to jump into the water or perish in the flames.

At the time of the deck falling in, a lady and gentleman, who had been standing before the chimneys. There were also on board a large number of horses, which were mostly all burned to death, and those that were not, were so badly hurt that they were obliged to be killed to put them out of misery.

From Bahia—TERRIBLE RAVAGES OF THE YELLOU FEVER. The big Boston arrived at this port this morning with dates from Bahia, South America, to the 10th of March. The chief item of news brought by her, is an account of the terrible ravages of the yellow fever in the city and province of Salvador, the capital of the state of Bahia. Several American vessels had been swept away, and several of the American vessels had lost a number of the officers and crew. A California vessel, the barque Weskag, had lost one of her passengers by the disorder. Among the slaves of the Province the mortality had been great, and an official document estimates the number of deaths that had occurred at eight thousand, but it is thought the number will greatly exceed this. Just before the Boston left, a severe thunder-storm occurred, after which the disorder began to abate, and the disease disappeared. Accounts from the adjacent ports represent the disorder as having prevailed among the shipping there, in some cases to a considerable extent.

[Boston Traveller.]

The LATEST FROM HATTI. The schooner Oceana Capt. Clappett, has arrived with dates from Port au Prince to the 31st ult. His Imperial Highness, Faustin I. still delights in show and apparel. He has a great ride around the empire, and the Government of his capital officers, and a body guard of dragoons, and the citizens receive his black majesty with uncovered heads, as he passes. He has forced (with but few exceptions) all the young men of the place to become soldiers; and it is reported that he shortly intends to attack the Spanish portion of the island. Faustin has purchased two more large brigs, which he intends to convert into vessels of war, viz. the Danish brig Otto and a Swedish brig. The business of the Island appears to be improving. There was a great deal of logwood in the market, and coffee has begun to come into Port au Prince in large quantities.

[New York Tribune.]

Arrival of the Ohio. The U. S. ship of the line Ohio, from San Francisco, last from Rio Janeiro, 57 days passage, arrived below this port at about five o'clock last evening anchored. The steamer Jacob Bell went down to her and brought up the purser, Mr. Samuel Forrest, who furnishes the following account of the ravages of the yellow fever among her officers and crew. The Ohio was lying in the harbor of Rio Janeiro, the yellow fever then prevalent among the shipping there, appeared on board, and before she left one of her officers died. For three weeks after she sailed from Rio the disease continued to rage, and in all about fifty cases occurred, of which sixteen were fatal, five of which were of officers and eleven of the crew.

The Ohio brings no gold of consequence from San Francisco. She has been absent three years, during which time she has circumnavigated the globe. Her crew of about hundred men will probably be paid off and discharged next week. [American Traveller.]

The MASSACHUSETTS LICENSE LAW. The license law, as passed by the Senate, was adopted in the House of Representatives yesterday, by a vote of 171 to 50. We have already published its provision. They engrave upon the present law the word "intoxicating," instead of "spirituous." Inquiries may be made at retail without license. County Commissioners to license the sale of beer, wine, cider, etc., at a price of 10 cents a quart. The bill is to be referred to a committee of two, and the debate will be adjourned.

Mr. Walker's bill is offered as a substitute for that of Mr. Daggett, of Bristol, that execution shall not be ordered within six months of sentence, and may be postponed one year. In Mr. Walker's bill the condemned is to be confined at hard labor in the State Prison until the Governor shall issue the warrant of execution.

Great Discoveries yet to be Made.

In the January number of the Edinburgh Review, in an article upon the British Mines, the writer thus lists the vital of the future, and discloses the magnificent discoveries yet in store for mankind, the accomplishment which will tax the energies of genius, as well as crown it with imperishable honors:

"We have a confident hope, however—or rather a firm belief—that before our coal-fields are finally exhausted, discoveries will be made,

both of new motive powers and new sources of heat

or calorific, which will make all future generations independent of these clumsy and dingy resources.

Motive power, we think, will probably be supplied, either directly by such omnipresent and inexhaustible elements as electricity and galvanism, or by the employment of some gas, far more elastic than steam, and capable of being called into action, and again condensed by slight mechanical impulses, or by changes of temperature, or by the chemical combination of different substances;

but there is little doubt that the leading features are correctly stated by the Washington correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, as follows:

"Great Britain stipulates not to settle, occupy,

fortify or exercise any right or dominion in Central America or the Mosquito Coast; in other words, she agrees to surrender the territorial acquisitions, that were made by virtue of an alleged proprietorship to the King of Spain.

This Treaty liberates the vast part of Central America from British bondage, and attaches that country to the United States by the obligations of gratitude and interest.

It re-establishes the Monroe doctrine, which was abandoned by Mr. Polk's Administration, on the most substantial footing, by enforcing the American principle more efficaciously than it was ever before asserted.

We have the construction of the ship canal completed, and the work of navigation, by which less than ten thousand miles of dangerous navigation will be saved, and the trans-shipment of merchandise and produce will be rendered unnecessary, and enlists the capital and co-operation of Great Britain in the immediate advancement of that vast and most important enterprise.

It admits all other nations to use the Canal by the payment of equal tolls, and by uniting in the guarantee of protection, thereby saving the United States from the necessity of a Naval force, to protect its rights.

It gives to all other nations the benefit of the same freedom of navigation, and all the rights of the Pacific.

It may hereafter be adopted or negotiated by our jurisdiction, an object which the last

Administration sought, but failed to obtain in regard to Panama.

And finally, it introduces a new era in commerce, by which the treasures of our possessions on the Pacific and the trade of China and the Indies will be poured into the Atlantic, attended by unprecedented prosperity and wealth."

Nicaragua Treaty.

It seems at length to be placed beyond doubt that a treaty has been concluded between the Secretary of State, on behalf of our Government, and Sir E. L. Bulwer, on behalf of Great Britain, for the final adjustment of the matters of difference between the two Governments respecting the famous Mosquito territory. The treaty, it is believed, will be signed to-morrow.

The attention of purchasers of land in the

country is invited to the very summing up

of the principal features of the agreement.

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companies and thirty families who were

returning to the West. From Roger's information, there were sixty-four persons, and the probability is that many more have lost whose names were not enrolled therein. Such was the rapid

progress of the fire that before the passengers could get out of the state rooms, after the first alarm, all the communication between the after cabin and the forward part of the boat was cut off, and every one was either compelled to jump into the water or perish in the flames.

At the time of the deck falling in, a lady and

gentleman, who had been standing before the chimneys. There were also on board a large number of horses, which were mostly

all burned to death, and those that were not, were so badly hurt that they were obliged to be killed to put them out of misery.

These, we are aware, may now strike many

(perhaps most) people as mere Utopian or Lapu-

nian fancies, and undoubtedly they are, as yet,

but vague and general suggestions. But when

we consider how much wilder and more audacious

(as less warranted by any analogous experience)

anticipations of electric telegraphs, photo-

graphic painting, or railway locomotives, must

appear to all eyes to be quite prophetic,

though it might be a dim and somewhat indi-

ctinct vision of a good and a glory to come.

IMPORTANT DECISION. By the Savannah Rep-

ublican it appears that a crew having been shiped at Charleston on board the Europa, bound for the East Indies, as informed by the shipping master, but according to the articles, "to our or more ports to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope," on learning of their return was ready to receive them. The defense in the case of the elder brother was hereditary insanity, which developed itself in the alleged murders; in the case of the younger brother, the defense was his innocence of the charge. These brothers were traveling at the West at the time of the murder, having been recruited into the service of the Canal by the Administration.

THE TRIAL OF THE MONTEQUEIUS. The trial of the French brothers Montequeius, at St. Domingo, on the 21st ult. The trial of the two sons of the deceased, who were accused of the murder of their father, was adjourned to the 23d ult. The defense in the case of the elder brother was hereditary insanity, which developed itself in the alleged murders; in the case of the younger brother, the defense was his innocence of the charge. These brothers were traveling at the West at the time of the murder, having been recruited into the service of the Canal by the Adminis-

tration.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

In this city, April 21st, THOMAS RIVES, aged 70.

In this city, April 21st, JAMES CARROLL, aged 63.

In this city, 27th ult., ADELINA A. TOZIER, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. TOZIER.

In this city, April 21st, REBECCA M. HATCHET, wife of Mr. & JOHN ELIZABETH C. RUSSELL.

In Detroit, April 23rd, by E. A. Boynton, Esq., to MR. RICHARD CLEMENTS, JR., to MISS EMILY RAUB.

In Lowell, Mr. WM. HUTCHINS to Miss MARY H. STEARNS.

In Lowell, Mr. BENJ. B. CROCKETT to Miss LU-

CY R. WILKINS.

In Bedford, Mr. JOSEPH H. STETSON to Dover, N. H.

In Boston, Dr. A. H. CHENEY of Gorham, to Miss ELIZA MORTON.

In Paris, Mr. M. J. BACHELOR of Brookfield, Mass., to Miss SARAH H. KING.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT, CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	57 50	2d	25	Bound Boxes,	5 00	6d	50
Wheat,	1 00	6d	28	Clear Salt Pork,	2 00	6d	10
Rye,	70 40	75	Dried Apples,	6 00	6d	10	
Oats,	50 00	6d	Apples,	6 00	6d	10	
Wheat,	1 00	6d	23	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10
Rice,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Barley,	80 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Lard,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Flour,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Wheat,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Rye,	80 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Oats,	50 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Barley,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Flour,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Wheat,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Rye,	80 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Oats,	50 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Barley,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Flour,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Wheat,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
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Wheat,	1 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Rye,	80 00	6d	Winter do,	6 00	6d	10	
Oats,	50 00	6d</					

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

ELEGY TO SPRING.

BY MICHAEL BRUCE.

[The author of the following lines was a native of Kinrosshire, Scotland. His parents were poor, and his early advantages were limited; yet he composed a volume of poems, possessed of very considerable merit. He died of consumption, in his twenty-third year. He contemplated his approaching fate with much dignity and composure of mind. The "Elegy to Spring" is one of his latest poems.]

"Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Spring winter now resigns the length'ning day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warms o'er other western shades play.
Of general heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, benthon another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
Before his beams all noxious vapors fly.
Far to the north, Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, thrown on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirling maddens and where tempests roar.

Loos'd from the hands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flower's; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.
Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs,
Their ample leaves, the dolphin-like plane,
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.
The lily of the vale, flow'res the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, glitter in the sun.
Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.
On the green earth, e'en o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.
While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the green sward mark'd with Roman mould,
Beneath the bilbene sheepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambskins dance and frisk around.
Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's way road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Socrates studied Nature's laws;
Thus Thales, the wisest of mankind;
Thus Heus-taught Plato, trac'd thy Almighty cause,
And left the world's multitude behind.

Thus Aschæus gather'd academic lays;

Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy bays;

My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;

Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,

And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, ev'n when Winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;

Though frosty boras war'd me to forbear,

Boras, with all his tempests, ward my days.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet blend'd my days:

I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;

No anxious wishes o'er disturbed my ease;

Heav'n gave content and health—ask'd not no more.

Now Spring returns; but not to me returns.

The vernal joy my mother years have known;

Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,

And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' instant wind,

Meagre pale, the ghost of what I was,

Count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose stayng speed:

No art can stop, or in their course arrest;

Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,

And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Of morning-dreams preangsing fate;

And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true;

Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,

And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I leave the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;

I see the sad, weary, dreary shore,

The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,

Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!

Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,

Where melancholy with still silence reigned,

And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

Let there me wander at the shut of eve,

When sleep sits down on the lab'rers eyes;

World and all its busy follies leave,

And talk with Wisdom where the Dauphin lies.

Let me sit sleep forgotten in the clay,

When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes;

Rest there in hopes of an eternal day,

Till the long night's gone, and the last morn arise.

Ch. Story-Celler.

OLD PELL.

OR, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

My friend and chum, Tim Jocelyn possessed to an astonishing degree the singular power of ventriloquism. We had entered college together—I was his room-mate—and many were the times that my friend, while we were sitting together of an evening, after all had retired to rest, had given me proofs of this astonishing faculty, by filling the garret with the screams of turkeys, the squealing of pigs, and with different imitations of the human voice, which he would convey away to some remote distance, and then gradually bring it nearer and nearer, until it reached the place where we were sitting. It was not known to any of the students except myself, that Tim possessed this power, and he exercised it only on a few occasions while at college, and in one instance, made it subservient to the accomplishment of at least his own good, and thwarted the purposes of villainy.

Tim was humorous, yet a frank and noble-minded fellow—an excellent scholar, and much beloved by his classmates. There was a fellow in the Sophomore class of the name of David Benson, the son of a wealthy land-holder, who possessed little talent, but had that superficial and insolent, contemptuous bearing towards all the students, whose circumstances were inferior in wealth to him, that rendered him deservedly unpopular among the class—yet notwithstanding, as he was the son of Maj. Benson, who was an aristocrat of the old school, and who was destined that his son should be placed in the highest rank of academic honor; the tutors (as in duty, or rather in interest bound) made much of David, and did not scruple to exercise a leniency and forbearance towards him, which they did not extend to others; and although dozens of farmer's sons, among whom was my friend Tim, outstripped him in study, and the attainment of science, still there was evidently a desire on the part of the tutors to put him ahead, and to prophecy that he was destined to become the greatest scholar of them all. This misplaced favoritism, added to the insolent and consequential demeanor of Benson, procured for him the unanimous dislike of all the inmates of the school, and many were the pranks that were played off upon him. David affected a sentimentalism and romance, which was in him perfectly ridiculous—but would sometimes perpetrate doggerel, which he submitted to the criticisms of the tutors and sometimes to the students, deficient in meaning or measure, except where he had stolen entire stanzas from Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which never failed to gain him the sneers of the school in the same proportion

as his verses were commended by the teachers. On one occasion he appeared at the adjoining village, a copy of his latest effort tucked to the skirt of his coat, which some mischievous student had pinned there during school hours and before Benson's departure.

During a summer vacation, a ball was given at the neighboring village, and Benson and Tim among other students, who remained during the vacation, were invited to attend. Among the young ladies in attendance, at the ball, was Eliza Ayres, a beautiful girl of eighteen, whose report said was a great heiress. She was an orphan and under the guardianship of her uncle, a miserly old fellow, whose tyrannies though often extended over his household, had as yet been nothing compared with those of Benson.

Pell was here interrupted by Tim, who finding from the tone of the negro's conversation, that he did not like his present master overmuch, and would therefore be of service to him in furthering the plan he was about to propose, asked him where he slept.

"In little room in de wing, close by Massa Pell's bed room. He made me sleep dare—cause I 'frid"—and sometimes he talk in he sleep and say he ghost; and den he call in me and say, make me sit up all night wid candle."

Tim here informed the negro of the circumstances relating to the will—that he was anxious to obtain possession of it for the purpose of having it proved and recorded, and then it would be out of old Pell's power to injure its young mistress.

Tim, I have said before, was a ventriloquist. He explained this to Peter—and they together formed the project of frightening old Pell out of the possession of the will. It was arranged that Tim should come to the negro's room at twelve o'clock that night—and their preconcerted management when there, is now about to appear.

It was five minutes of twelve o'clock. The night was dark and the wind howled over the top of the trees, and creased the shutters of the mansion. Old Pell had retired to his room, had undressed himself, put his nightcap, and was busy in thinking the thirty thousand dollars he was to obtain by selling his house.

Pell scratched his head. The fright which he had endured, had in a measure affected his senses, and having but an indistinct recollection of the scene he had passed through, finding himself contradicted by Peter in every thing which he attempted to describe as having taken place, and, without, not a little willing to believe that the horrors which he had suffered were imaginary, he finally settled down upon the conclusion that it was Peter represented—he had been asleep thirty-six hours, and had been dreaming—and that all he now resolved, more firmly than ever, not to be thwarted in his designs respecting Eliza, so goes the tale, out of which the will is to be sold.

"Forger!" cried a deep-toned, hollow, and supernatural voice at his elbow. "Forger!" reiterated the same voice in another part of the room; and again the horrible word "Forger!" was slowly pronounced, and its tone gradually sunk in earth beneath the floor.

Old Pell suddenly dropped the pen, and shrunk back pale and trembling with horror and fright depicted in his countenance. Having a little recovered from his astonishment, he looked round his apartment and under the bed. Nothing was heard but the snoring of Peter in the adjoining room. He began to think it an illusion—was fast recovering his courage—and was about to take up the will again,—when as soon as he had placed his hand upon it,

"Forger!" again cried the voice in a tone of thunder.

Pell drew away his hand as if he had received an electric shock, and leaving the will on the centre table, ran into Peter's room, and awakened him.

"What's de trouble, Massa Pell?" asked the negro.

"Get up," said Pell, shaking with fright, "and come into my room." Peter went in accordingly.

"Did you hear nothing, Peter?"

"No Massa—what you hear dat scare you so?"

"No Master, I want you to stay with me,—and keep a candle burning."

Pell accordingly prepared to turn in, but he be thought himself that it would be best to put the will again into the safe before he retired. He advanced to the table for that purpose, and was about to add much to the amiability of his temper, and on one occasion, he showed his magnanimity and courage by knocking down a bright-eyed lad, some five or six years his junior, for saying—"that a fellow who had been in the habit of taking airs on himself, had found Ayres that could not be easily taken." Tim, who stood by, saw this exhibition of Benson's courage, and in return gave him a blow under the left ear, which sent him reeling to the floor. At this the whole school shouted, and Tim was ever after hailed by the youngsters, as a protector against the tyrannies of Benson.

But Tim himself, was not entirely at ease on the score of Miss Ayres. The old uncle had frowned upon him, as he entered the house, and had given him sundry hints that Eliza was not for him; while at the same time he had attempted to lay his commands upon Eliza respecting her acceptance of Benson. This uncle's name was Pel. He had been made the sole executor of the will of Eliza's father, having the profits of a large estate of the deceased gentleman, after supporting and educating the daughter, during her minority, or until she should marry. Benson was not such a fool as that either. His disappointment became known at the college, and numerous were the gibes and taunts the poor fellow got from those over whom he had so insolently domineered. This, of course, did not tend to add much to the amiability of his temper, and on one occasion, he showed his magnanimity and courage by knocking down a bright-eyed lad, some five or six years his junior, for saying—"that a fellow who had been in the habit of taking airs on himself, had found Ayres that could not be easily taken."

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